

My Dearest Hope

Sweet scent of pines,
strewn about laden grass,
why, my heart pines,
rusted love clad in brass

frail, eloping Hope,
forever rainbow of my skies
Heaven's bud, my Hope,
has my pot of gold passed me by?

for what good is a bud,
what reason a gold-less bow,
anticipation, which runs,
to dark, empty goal

perhaps failed dreams
are stitchings of life's seems
a blossomed rose
fair, since rare, to strike, a pose

hope in Hope,
she'll come, I hope...